

# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 25 Mar. 1959



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*Zoltan Glass photographs* **TRIPOLI**





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## WHERE to go...

### Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

MARCH, which entered like a lamb, will certainly go out with one lion-like qualification, a loud roar. This will mark the opening of the motor-racing season, with the **Easter Monday meeting at Goodwood**. With its perfect situation, new central airfield and excellent administration, Goodwood track could (rivaling the neighbouring racecourse) well be called the Newmarket of the horseless carriage.

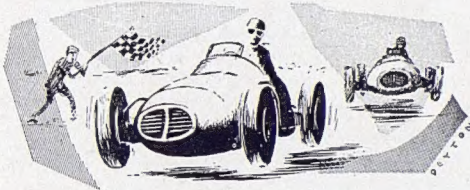
On 11 April the **Oulton Park Circuit** in Cheshire will open the Northern season with the 21st British Empire Trophy race for Formula II cars. There will be a 500 c.c. race and two sports car races in support. And Britain's own "Monte Carlo," the **Land's End Trial**, takes place on Friday and Saturday. Almost anything on wheels with a motor (providing it is safe) can enter for it.

After all this engine oil, a breath of the moors and pastures. At **Runwick Park**, near Farnham, the "Ponies of Britain & Runwick Junior Hunting Trials," a com-

bined event, will be held for the first time on 27 April. There will be special classes, and a silver cup for Family Pairs. Details from Mrs. Glenda Spooner, Brookside Farm, Ascot.

Christie's have arranged a sale on 6 May in aid of the **Historic Churches Preservation Trust**. Gifts of furniture, pictures and prints, rare coins, old silver and china will be gratefully received. Prospective donors should write to Viscount Crookshank, Fulham Palace, S.W.6. The Trust has helped to preserve more than 900 churches, irrespective of denomination, and this gives an opportunity for a really worthwhile stimulus to their urgent work.

Among the dances that have been arranged lately are the **Trinity Foot Beagles Ball** at the Hyde Park Hotel on 20 April (tickets £2 2s. from H. W. Wiggin, Clevelode House, near Malvern), and the **Winchester College Appeal Fund Ball**, also at the Hyde Park Hotel, on 13 April. Double tickets £3 3s. from G. P. Lawrence, Treryn, Frith Hill Road, Godalming. The date of the Geranium Dance, mentioned last week, is 27 April.



### THE TATLER TEAM TIPS (from recent contributions):

#### Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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#### Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

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**A Taste Of Honey** (Wyndham's Theatre). "Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire back streets... we step from a sublimated music-hall sketch to slow-moving, realistic drama."

#### Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

**No Trees In The Street**. "... beautifully directed... young Mr. Melvyn Hayes gives a most moving performance."

**Danger Within**. "Mr. Wilding makes a come-back that is a pleasure to behold... admirably taut, well-written story."

**Separate Tables**. "... acting of unusual brilliance... Miss Gladys Cooper gives a quite monstrously good performance."



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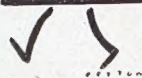
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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

## Dublin revisited

by DOONE BEAL

IT WAS IMMEDIATELY after the war, during our own whale steak and austerity era, that I first visited Dublin, and I have never up till now been quite certain how much my impression of its magnificent food owed to the first shock of tasting a half-pound sirloin. I am doubly happy to report that, as of March 1959, the food is just as excellent as I remembered it—and the standard of service at the Shelbourne Hotel, as elsewhere, fit to evoke a punch of nostalgia in the pre-war generation, and delighted surprise in their less accustomed juniors.

Two of the most celebrated haute cuisine restaurants are that in the Russell Hotel, and Jammet's, whose French food and Edwardian décor has always attracted an international crowd. Both are superb, neither particularly cheap—but M. Jammet has two excellent wines of the house always available at 16s. a bottle (the day I lunched there I drank, under this head, a very good Chassagne Montrachet and a Côte de Nuits).

In search of a simple grill, there is probably nowhere better than the Dolphin, off Parliament Street near the river. This (the concern of racehorse owner Jack Nugent until his death) is a triumph of atmosphere over décor—gloomy, leathery and Victorian; horsey with owners, trainers and bookmakers. You pick your own magnificent (8s. 6d.) sirloin steak to be cooked on the open charcoal grill, and there is a horseshoe-shaped, marble-topped oyster bar which still excludes ladies.

Famous for Galway oysters and shellfish in general is the little bar at the Red Bank. They also operate a first class conventional restaurant, but it is the bar itself which is most beloved by the literary and theatrical fraternity, who visit it as much to gossip as they do to eat.

For after-theatre dining, go to Alfredo's in Saint Mary's Abbey, where you are greeted with flowers and the menu is presented in the raw. The pianist has a nostalgic repertoire, the lights are low and you can dine, wine and dance until three in the morning.

Perhaps the bars and pubs—especially the quayside ones—most sharply evoke the mystique of Dublin. These seedy yet magnificent establishments are mostly of a high-ceilinged, late-Victorian vintage, many with sawdust on the floor, warren'd with sub-bars which are divided each from the other by a series of creaking doors. Loquacious

bartenders (with which, after all, Dublin has staffed the world) refresh their customers equally with a 10.30 “nip,” a pint of stout or a cup of coffee (a far cry from Espresso systems: the milk left wildly to boil on a gas ring beneath the counter, is removed with a flourish in the nick of time.) You can hardly escape Dublin's bars, but two of the most famous are Scotch House and O'Mara's, facing each other over the south side of O'Connell Bridge.

The licensing laws are a matter of constant altercation and private litigation (locals drive three miles outside the city limits in order to drink up till midnight in a bona fide), but one of the most agreeable aspects of the place is the lateness of the hour at which you are welcome to lunch or dine. At the Russell, Jammet's, or the Dolphin nobody, to my own knowledge, dines until nine and never, even long after this time, is the visitor given the impression of being late—and lucky-to-get-it.

Horse-drawn cabs can be hired for little more than taxi prices, but it is pleasure enough to walk along the banks of the Liffey, criss-crossing over the bridges from side to side, ambling in the back streets, picking through the numerous junk shops and auction rooms for Victorian bric à brac (often of surprising quality and low price). With more purpose in mind, shop for Irish tweed at either the Weaver's Shed in Duke Lane, or the well-set-up Irish Home Industries in Dawson Street (single width tweed costs from 12s. a yard, double from 25s.). For Waterford glass, try Whyte's in Exchequer Street.

The Irish Grand National alone is lure enough to visit Dublin for Easter. On this, as any other weekend, you may find the city quiet on a Sunday, but it is a good time to take a car and a picnic lunch into Wicklow, and head for the 6th-century monastic ruins at Glendalough. The roads are good; the green, hump-backed countryside latticed with peat seams; the vistas are magnificent, and the isolation splendidly total.

**Travel Footnote:** Self-drive cars cost from 27s. a day, mid-April to mid-June and mid-September to mid-October; 17s. a day October to April, and 35s. in the high season. Chauffeur-driven, around £5 a day. Return air fare, B.E.A. or Aer Lingus, is £14 19s. (£15 6s. after April 1), £12 18s. 17-day excursion, or £11 night flight after June 1. You don't need a passport.





Fayer

**Miss Pamela Bunbury to Mr. Henry Hoare:** *She* is the daughter of Col. G. F. Bunbury, Monument House, Foxhall, Ipswich. *He* is the son of Mr. H. P. R. Hoare, Stourton, Wilts, and of Lady Beatrix Fanshawe, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia



Harlip

**Miss Hermione Home to Mr. David P. Malcolm:** *She* is the daughter of Sir David & Lady Home, Winterfield, North Berwick. *He* is the son of Sir Michael Malcolm, Bt., Milton Lodge, North Berwick, & of the Hon. Lady Malcolm, Laxton House, S.W.1



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**Miss Sheila Turner to Mr. John McLaren:** *She* is the elder daughter of Major & Mrs. R. Turner, Martins-town House, Curragh. *He* is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. D. McLaren, Shenfield Mill, Theale, Berks



Lenaro

**Miss Patricia Woolich to Mr. Michael L. Nyman:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. B. Woolich, Brondesbury Park, N.W.6. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Nyman, Bickenhall Mansions, London, and of Hindhead, Surrey



**Miss Hilary Johns to Capt. Peter Seabrook:** *She* is the twin daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Johns, Newport, Monmouthshire. *He* is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. W. E. Seabrook, Whatlington, near Battle, Sussex



Yevonde

**Miss Caroline Mary Hancock to Mr. John F. Ingledew:** *She* is the daughter of Dr. & the late Mrs. P. E. Thompson Hancock, Welbeck House, Welbeck Street, W.1. *He* is the son of the late Lt.-Col. & Mrs. H. M. Ingledew



by  
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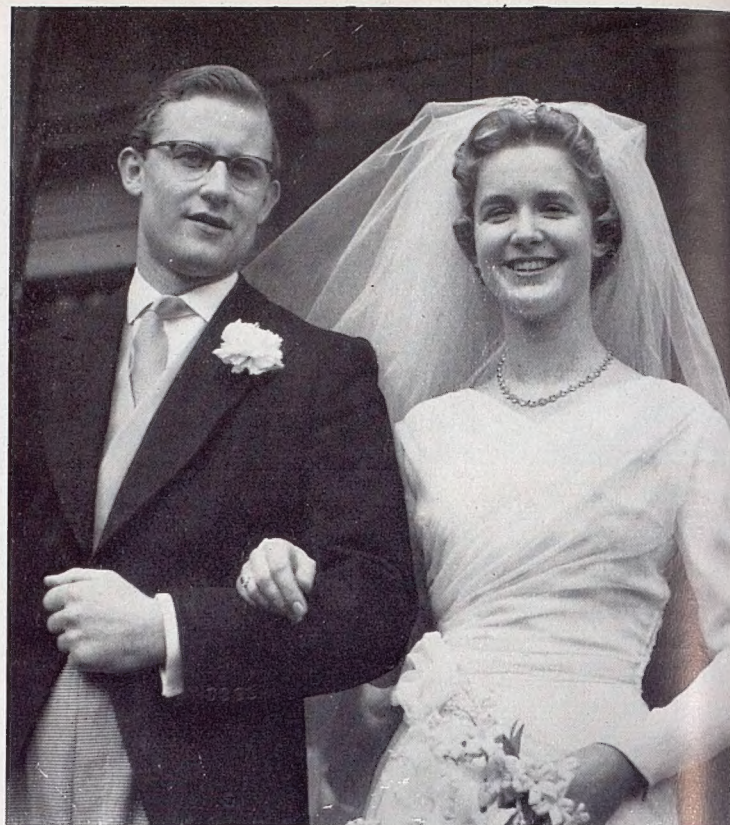
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**Wright—McCreery:** Miss Jeanette Wright, younger daughter of Mr. Keith Wright, The Rookery, Fenstanton, Hunts, married Mr. Robert James McCreery, second son of Gen. Sir Richard & Lady McCreery, Stowell Hill, Templecombe, Somerset, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St., Chelsea



**Loring—Burgess:** Miss Nemone Jane Loring, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. J. Nigel Loring, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, married Mr. Peter Burgess, only son of Dr. & Mrs. P. C. Burgess, Towcester, Northants, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



**Farrow—Spear:** Miss Jillian Farrow, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. H. Farrow, Loom Cottage, Radlett, Herts, married Mr. Robin Spear, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. D. Spear, The Beeches, Woodbridge, Suffolk, at Christ Church, Radlett



**Tite—Bevan:** Miss Felicity Tite, daughter of Mr. A. G. Tite & Mrs. F. Duthie, married Mr. John Gordon Bevan, only son of the late Lt.-Col. T. Bevan & Mrs. A. E. J. Wilson, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.1



**McGrath—Nobbs:** Miss Margaret Evelyn McGrath, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. A. McGrath, Vancouver, married Mr. John Winchester Nobbs, son of Air-Comdr. & Mrs. C. J. Nobbs, Godalming, at St. Mary's, Kerrisdale, Vancouver



**Binnie—Peacock:** Miss Jean Binnie, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Binnie of Nigeria, married Mr. Donald Peacock, son of Mr. D. Peacock & the late Mrs. Peacock (of Gibraltar), at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, W.C.2



**Bryde-Williams—Wallace:** Miss Karin Bryde-Williams, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Finn Bryde-Williams, married Mr. Ian Wallace, son of the late Mr. W. J. Wallace & Mrs. Wallace, Wheatley St., W.1, at All Saints, Epping Upland



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GALA PRESENTATION: *The Queen Mother shakes hands with Beryl Grey, the guest artist, after the Royal Ballet Gala at Covent Garden. Flanking Miss Grey are ballerina Anya Linden and David Blair, the principal male dancer. Princess Margaret can be seen (left) speaking to one of the company*



THE  
**Tatler**  
& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXI No. 3011

25 March 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: *Controversy* tackles Stratford-on-Avon and asks: *Shrine or Sham?* Also: full fashion section on resort wear. Monica Furlong interviews *John Betjeman*. Estelle Holt describes a modern Muslim wedding

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## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# Royal ballet-goers see the stars-to-be

by JENNIFER

THE QUEEN MOTHER & Princess Margaret attended the Royal Ballet's gala performance for its Benevolent Fund. On this gay occasion they sat in a specially built box in the centre of the circle, the Queen Mother wearing a diamond tiara and necklace with a shell pink crinoline, and the Princess a floral and white taffeta dress. With them was a party of friends including the Hon. Dominic Elliot and Mr. Robin Douglas-Home.

As Dame Margot Fonteyn and a large part of the Royal Ballet were in Japan there were many new dancers appearing and the whole performance radiated youth. The programme included *La Valse* with music by Maurice Ravel, choreography by Frederick Ashton and enchanting scenery and décor by the brilliant young Frenchman André Levasseur.

### They danced two by two

This was preceded by *The Prince of the Pagodas*, and followed by *Dicertissements* which began with the fascinating little "Tritsch-Tratsch" beautifully danced by Doreen Wells with Peter Clegg and William Wilson; later came a pas de deux from *Don Quixote* danced exquisitely by Nadia Nerina and David Blair which received tremendous applause from all over the house; and the programme ended with the "Aurora" pas de deux from *The Sleeping Beauty* superbly danced by Beryl Grey and Caj Selling. Beryl Grey, who has left the *corps de ballet* but returns as guest artist, is one of the most popular dancers ever to appear at

*continued on page 587*



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Covent Garden, and as usual there was applause as soon as she appeared on the stage.

It was a chic audience as a number of those present, including Princess Margaret and a party of young friends, were going on to the Ballet Ball at the Travellers' Club (also in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund). In the royal circle I saw Lord Wakehurst the Governor of Northern Ireland (he is a member of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Committee) & Lady Wakehurst, Countess Jellicoe, Mme. Clasen, wife of the Luxembourg Ambassador, with Mrs. Weisweiller, and Mr. & Mrs. Tim Moseley.

### Back from Palm Beach

The Earl of Drogheda, chairman of Covent Garden, was in a box with the Countess of Drogheda who wore a diamond tiara with her black evening dress, and Sir Kenneth & Lady Clark were in a nearby box. In the stalls were Lord & Lady Dynevor who told me they were just back from Palm Beach, the Hon. Mrs. Sonia Cubitt looking attractive and escorted by Sir "Jock" Gilmour, Lord & Lady Harcourt in a party of four with Viscount & Viscountess Hampden, Mrs. John Profumo with the Earl of Bessborough and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, and Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman just back from Jamaica. Mrs. Norman was chic in Balmain's black and white organza dress and a diamond tiara and necklace as they also were going on to the ball.

Lady Edith Foxwell was there, also Lady (Charlotte) Bonham Carter, the Hon. Eveleigh Leith who worked hard as hon. secretary and treasurer organizing this gala, and Lady Ropner escorted by her son John. Her two daughters Miss Merle and Miss Virginia Ropner were among the pretty young girls selling programmes.

### Torches for the Princess

As one arrived at the Travellers' Club torches were blazing on each side of the entrance. Inside this old house, full of tradition, there was a gay scene with dancing going on in the large ground floor dining-room. General Sir Robert Mansergh, chairman of the club, received Princess Margaret and escorted her inside where she was met by Lord & Lady Wakehurst (who had been receiving all the guests) and the Hon. Eveleigh Leith. A bar was arranged in the famous old library with its fine cornice and many treasures, including the chair always used by Thackeray. The new ladies' sitting-room (members can invite ladies to lunch or dine at week-ends) which has been cleverly decorated, was used for sitting out, and a pianist played softly in the corner. Soon after midnight a cabaret was given in the ballroom by members of the Royal Ballet.

Besides those I have already mentioned, I also saw at the ball the Earl & Countess of Stradbroke, the Hon. Bill Buchan and his wife up from Oxfordshire, Mr. Robin McDouall, the enterprising secretary of the

Travellers' Club, Mr. Daintrey escorting the lovely Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser who wore a gorgeous black and white organza crinoline, and débutante Miss Sarah Merton, also wearing a lovely crinoline, but of pink taffeta with a rose design. Sarah, who is the daughter of Mr. John Merton the artist, is outstandingly one of the loveliest of this year's débutantes. Her mother is giving two small informal dances for her this year and she is sharing her real coming-out ball with her younger sister Clarissa in 1960.

### Sir Winston's paintings

The paintings of Sir Winston Churchill, Honorary Academician Extraordinary, now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, are a joy to see. I hope to go again, for there was such a big crowd at the private view that it was difficult to see the pictures. Lady Churchill in an ensemble of electric blue was there with their daughter Mrs. Duncan Sandys, and talking to the Danish Ambassador and his charming wife Mme. de Steensen-Leth. The Dutch Ambassador & Baroness Bentineck were also there. I met Baroness Ravensdale who was going round with her niece Mrs. Forbes Adam, also Viscount & Viscountess Tenby who are the lucky owners of one of Sir Winston's paintings.

The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava was escorted by Mr. Charles Harding, Lady Melchett and Mrs. James Allason came together, successful author of thrillers Margery Allingham was talking to Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy, and I saw the Marquesa de Casa Maury, Lady Northbourne, the Dowager Lady Ebbisham, Mr. Teddy Underdown who is playing in the successful play *The Grass Is Greener* (he was there with his father; his wife, he told me, had jaundice) and Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Agar whom I saw greeting Sir Alan Herbert as he arrived.

### Club members' privileges

I recently received a letter from the Duchess of Norfolk saying that it is proposed to form an Ascot Jumping Show Club. Each subscribing member will receive their own badge, guest badge, car park pass, unlimited vouchers for further guests and exclusive use of the amenities of the Members Enclosure. For membership apply to the secretary, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, the Royal Enclosure, Ascot. Telephone: Ascot 1901.

The Duchess of Norfolk started this show last year from nothing at all, and it proved a tremendous success both from the exhibitors' and the spectators' point of view. Already over 700 members have joined the club. The show will take place at Ascot racecourse on 22, 23, 24 and 25 April.

### Concentrated chic

London's top designers, top musical producer, top mannequins (wearing fabulous jewels), and a good band; this combination, in one of London's finest showrooms, provided one of the best dress shows ever staged in Britain. The Queen Mother, wearing a fur-trimmed brown velvet coat over a light brown brocade dress, and Princess Margaret, who wore a mink coat and little green hat, went to Celanese House in Hanover Square for



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## Other People's Babies



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(seven), children of Mr. & Mrs. J.  
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LADY KEELING, widow of Sir Herbert Keeling, M.C., M.P., was mistakenly described in a caption to a photograph in our issue of 25 February as the wife of Sir John Keeling, deputy-chairman of B.E.A. We regret this confusion and offer our apologies to both ladies.



this private showing of clothes designed by members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. They were received by Lady Pamela Berry, president of the society, Mr. Victor Stiebel, its chairman, and Mr. P. S. Rendell, senior deputy chairman of Courtaulds, deputizing for Sir John Hanbury-Williams, who was abroad. On their way to their seats the Hon. Lady Eccles, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft and Sir Malcolm Bullock were presented.

Mr. Bob Nesbitt (who has staged so many successful musical extravaganzas) produced the show beautifully, on a stage in Courtaulds' showroom. The dress show was called "West End Story," Constance Cummings spoke introductory verses written by James Laver, and about two dozen mannequins took part. The programme opened with "Life begins at 6.30" when black cocktail dresses were modelled, then short evening dresses. After these came town and country clothes, then a "Summer Symphony" of formal day clothes, Ascot prints and finally ball dresses shown with tiaras and magnificent jewels.

Many of the models were made of beautiful British fabrics and I thought they were a credit to the creative genius of the 11 top London designers, Victor Stiebel, Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies, Worth, John Cavanagh, Michael, Ronald Paterson, Charles Creed, Michael Sherard, Mattli and Lachasse.

At the end the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret came to the stage and talked to the mannequins and said how much they had enjoyed the show.

### Lady luncheon speakers

Mrs. Ronald Cumming gave an enjoyable fork luncheon party to about 60 guests in her charming Chelsea flat. This was in aid of the Canadian Women's Club and the Victoria League overseas libraries. The League, whose headquarters are in Chesham Place, is run entirely by voluntary contributions and does much for students and others from all over the Commonwealth. The overseas libraries, which need books and magazines badly, distribute literature, including educational books, to all parts of the Commonwealth.

After the luncheon there was a most interesting talk on her recent visit to Russia by Miss Dorothy Neville-Rolfe, principal of the House of Citizenship at Hartwell. Girls often go to this splendid finishing school after their debut, and Miss Neville-Rolfe, who in the holidays travels extensively, is keen that they should know how other countries are run and what conditions are like there. At Hartwell she also specializes in turning out efficient secretaries who know how to cope with any situation. As she once told me: "I tell them all I expect them to be a director's dream when they leave here!" (I can vouch for their efficiency as I have had one trained there, for more than a year.)

Miss Neville-Rolfe's talk on life in Russia (where she went with another friend, with introductions to several Russian families) was enlightening and interesting, and her audience listened intently.

Among those who came to the luncheon were Mary Duchess of Devonshire, deputy

## Private view of the new C.A.S. collection at Arts Council H.Q.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

president of the Victoria League, Lady Harlech, a member of the council, Mrs. George Drew the attractive and charming wife of the Canadian High Commissioner who had only just returned from a trip to Germany, Mrs. J. S. P. Armstrong, wife of the Agent-General for Ontario, Mrs. J. H. Dunn, a live wire with the Canadian Women's Club, Mrs. Newbold, Miss Cunliffe and Miss Alexander who all work hard for the book department of the Victoria League, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Mrs. Constance Wadham, Mrs. Graham Bailey and her sister Mrs. Stephen Cannon, the Hon. Mrs. (Somerled) Macdonald and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Gold, and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney up from Bagshot.

### A drive against deafness

The National Deaf Children's Society, whose purpose is to bring the problems of these children before the whole nation, is asking people in every part of the country to get together during May to raise funds by arranging lectures, bazaars, dances, premières or fashion shows. An event being arranged in London is the Flower Ball which is to take place at the Savoy Hotel on 20 May. Lady Templer, chairman of the ball committee, was ill and unable to be present at the first meeting, so the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, the vice-chairman, deputized for her efficiently.

Lord Hacking, president of the society, spoke first and was followed by Mrs. Bloom who recently appeared on television in "This Is Your Life." The mother of a girl now 12 years old who was born deaf, she works hard for the society and spoke of its work. Finally, the Hon. Mrs. Gamage dwelt on the wonderful progress deaf children can make if they have the right care, treatment and sympathy. Few people realize the vast difference between an adult who loses his hearing and a child who is born without it. The child cannot learn to speak in the ordinary way, and suffers heart-breaking frustration. Mrs. Gamage asked everyone to try to help them by supporting the ball, for which a good band, cabaret, a clairvoyante and tombola have been arranged.

Lady Hacking, Lady Wakefield, Viscountess Tarbat, Mrs. Victor Canning and the Hon. Mrs. Rose were among those at the meeting. Tickets, which cost £2 12s. 6d., may be had from the General Secretary, N.D.C.S., 1 Macklin Street, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.



Baron William De Gelsey with Miss Jean Dawnay at the party and exhibition held at Arts Council H.Q., St. James's Square



Mrs. Anthony Kinsman with Mr. Nicholas Guppy. The display was organized by the Contemporary Art Society



Mr. Anthony Lousada, who helped to choose the paintings on show, with Mrs. Nicholas Davenport



# LOOKING AT PICTURES

*Private view of the Churchill  
paintings at the Royal Academy*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Sir Winston's daughter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, with Lady Salisbury-Jones & her daughter-in-law, Mrs. O. Yerburch



David McFall's giant bust of Sir Winston dominates one of the galleries



Baroness Ravensdale & Lady Churchill. Sir Winston himself was in Nice



Sir Charles Wheeler, president of the R.A., & Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery



Two painters, Lord Methuen & Mr. James Fitton. Both have works at the Tate and V. & A.



Mrs. Humphrey Brooke, wife of the R.A. secretary, & Sir John Balfour, former British Ambassador in Madrid



The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava with Mr. Charles Harding who owns an art gallery in Mount Street





Mr. A. Moore, the Verulam professional, playing from the 15th hole at the Wentworth Club



Mr. Ian Stungo (a former member of the English boys' team) and his partner Mr. George Maisey won their first round match



English amateur champion, Mr. D. Sewell (Hook Heath), with Mr. A. Waters (Worplesdon), who were beaten in the 3rd round



Caddies accompany Mr. J. A. Scott (Crews Hill), Mr. R. W. Pickering and his partner, Mr. T. Haliburton (both of Wentworth), back to the clubhouse





Mr. A. B. Coop (Dean Wood) with Mr. Harry Weetman the British match play champion



Mr. G. Micklem (Ryder and Walker cups selector) and his partner Mr. M. J. Moir (Sunningdale)



Major Peter Roscow (Wentworth club secretary) at the scoreboard

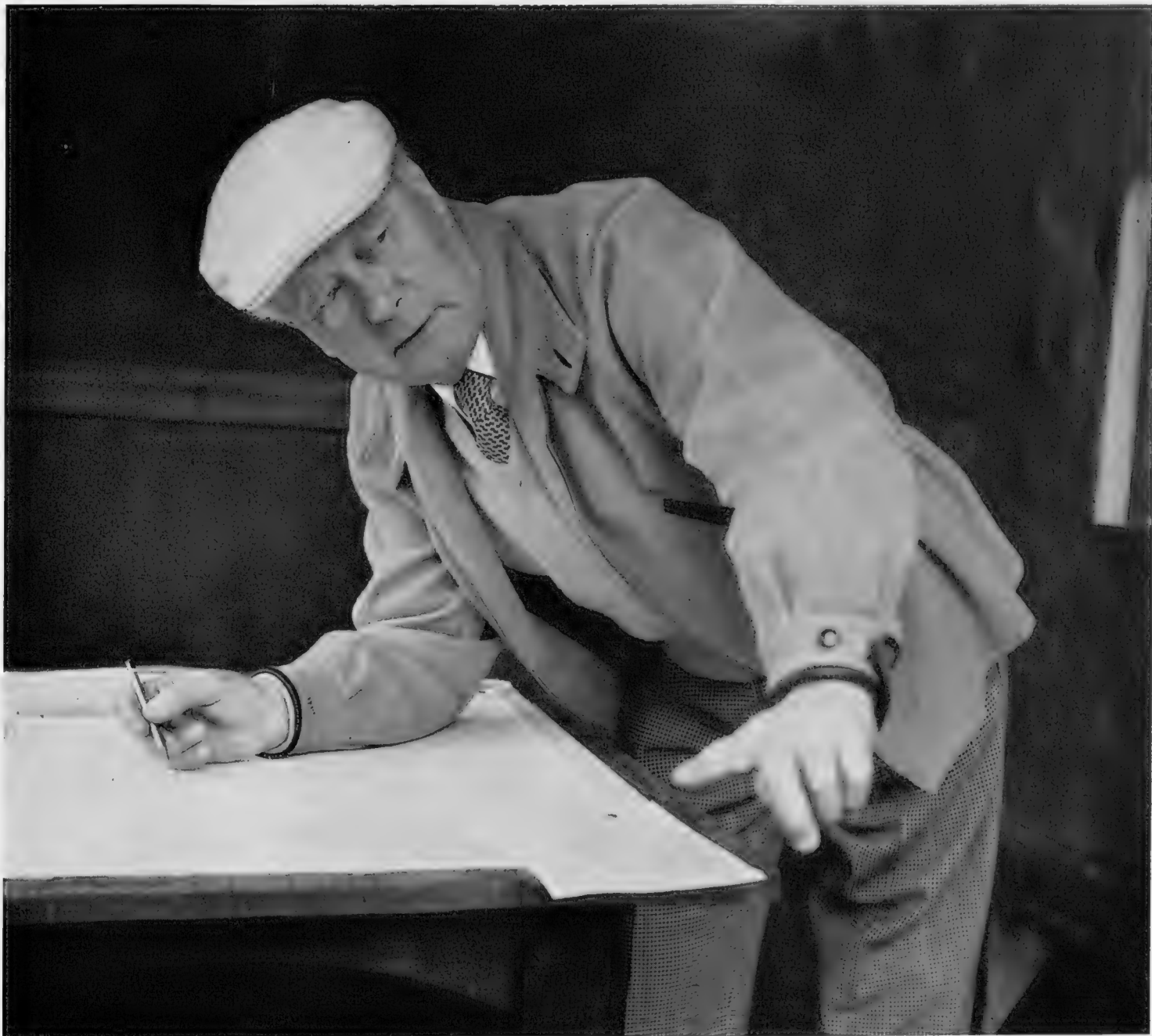
## GOLF IS BACK

The annual Foursomes tournament at

Wentworth opens the 1959 season

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

*Below:* Mr. Hugh Docherty has started all the big golf competitions in this country for the past 15 years





## THE SOCIAL ALPHABET

### *D stands for Death-warmed-up*



I grope for my early morning socks  
With tiny woofling cries,  
For I have a tongue like silver fox  
And frightful raspberry eyes.

With liver of fire and treacle bones  
I count my life but loss.  
Come, robins, allay my dying groans,  
And cover me up with moss!

I've been on the thrash throughout the  
week.  
Henceforth I must abstain. . . .  
The telephone gives a silver shriek  
That cleaves my bonce in twain:

"A fancy-dress hop tonight? How gay!  
Too sweet of the Gunter-Thorpes!  
I'll meet you at eight—oh, by the way,  
Will they mind if I come as a corpse?"

*Francis Kinsman*



Miss Georgina Ward, daughter of the Hon. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air



Miss Merle Ropner, daughter of Sir Leonard Ropner, sold programmes



Serge Lifar and Lady Pamela Berry at the Royal Gala Ballet



Sir Roger & Lady Makins. He is Joint Permanent Secretary at the Treasury



Miss Helen Haskell and Mr. & Mrs. Arnold Haskell



Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman. They have just returned from Jamaica



*At Covent Garden's  
Royal Gala  
Ballet (opposite)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
A. V. SWAEBE



*At the Heythrop  
Hunt Ball (this  
page), held at Blenheim*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

The Duchess of Marlborough  
with her daughter-in-law,  
the Marchioness of Blandford



Viscountess Harcourt  
and Mrs. Robert Dolbey  
at Blenheim Palace



Mr. Mike Mason with Capt.  
Ronnie Wallace, a joint-  
M.F.H. of the Heythrop



Mr. & Mrs. M. Hughes-Hallett  
(members of the Heythrop)  
and Mr. D. H. Wills



Capt. & Mrs. W. Ashby.  
He is M.F.H. of the South  
Herefordshire

Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon  
(joint-M.F.H. of the Heythrop)  
and the Marquess of Blandford



Miss Judy Anderson  
(she comes from Canada)  
with Mr. Tony Gomersall



IT WAS HERE IN PARIS, at the Olympia Press four years ago, that the controversial *Lolita* was first published. Since then the book has been banned, un-banned and re-banned, and confusion seems to exist about the latest position. The publishing house of Gallimard is proposing to put out the book in French this summer and a much-respected publication, *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, has printed substantial extracts in its current issue.

If there is anybody who still does not know the story of *Lolita*, here is an extract from an Olympia Press circular: "The theme of Nabokov's *Lolita* is the carnal pursuit of a 12-year-old American girl . . . by a middle-aged European emigré in the U.S. . . ."

To see how *Lolita* stands in law and sales I went to call on three leading bookshops, all of them extremely respectable, well-run and pleasant places. "Yes," they said at the first bookshop "we sell quite a lot of copies of *Lolita* and it seems to be perfectly legal now. We get the book properly invoiced from the publishers. There is no under-the-counter business about it. We just don't make a fuss but if a customer wants the book it is there." And there it was huddling shamefully with the late Frank Harris's *Life And Loves* and Henry Miller's *Tropics* (Capricorn and Cancer).

At the second bookshop they said: "Yes, indeed. We sell roughly six copies a day, which is twice as many as we do of *Doctor Zhivago* and really remarkable because we are going through a bad season for books.

"Oh, yes," they said, "it seems to be all quite legal now and you can mention our name." (I do not do so, I may say, because of what I found out later.)

At the third bookshop the manager said firmly: "No. We don't have a single copy in the place." He showed me the decree banning the sale of the book. "The interdiction still stands," he said, "and we don't mean to break any laws."

And so across the river to the ancient little street of Saint Severin which leads from nowhere much to nowhere much, but rather charmingly. It has serious, scholars' bookshops and restaurants of exotic nationality. There, also, is the Olympia Press—the seat of some of the gamiest literature that ever cheered the heart of the expatriate G.I. at United States air bases. (The firm's publishing list has many *aficionados* there.) I was received by Mme. Worms, a brilliant person by any standards.

Certainly, she said, the book is banned in France and it is quite against the law to sell it here. It was not against the law to export it to other countries and it was supplied to booksellers

on the assumption that the copies went abroad (as they often do).

The Olympia Press case is that they discovered the book and sold it for months before it became "combustibly" involved in the "pornography v. art" debate. At the end of 1956 the sale was banned by the Minister of the Interior (then M. Gilbert Jules). The manager of the company, M. Maurice Girodias, contested the ruling and won his case. The ban was lifted about a year later. Some six months later a new high-level legal ban was obtained under certain juvenile-protection laws—though the book was in English.

The Olympia Press points out that *Lolita's* astonishing sales career in America, Canada, Holland, Sweden and Denmark has not been affected; that it is being or will be put out in Germany, Italy and Japan; that an "édition à gros tirage" is planned in England (for whose sensibilities it seems to have been originally banned in France!) and that the film rights had been sold for 150,000 dollars. They say that the Ministry of the Interior took action on the proposal of the *Brigade Mondaine*, a police organization approximate to a vice squad, concerned mainly with the *demi-mondaine* (and not in any way, please, to be confused with the *Bottin Mondain*, which is a sort of rough equivalent of "Kelly's Directory of Titled, Landed & Official Classes").

So the present Minister of the Interior in a new Fifth Republic has inherited a tricky situation, including a 32½ million-franc claim for damages by the aggrieved publishers. As to the literary merit of the book, it is unknown to me at first hand—the two slim volumes cost 2,400 francs, books here being expensive.

★ ★ ★

The exhibition of 18th-century English furniture at the Louvre (see following pages) is attracting much interest here, since English furniture is having a vogue, and anyway a knowledge of furniture and its styles is much more widespread than in any other country I know. I went to see it with the Marquise de Boissésou, who has long admired English furniture and herself owns some excellent pieces.

The marquise was born Françoise de Greling. Her mother, a de Saint Exupéry, was a cousin of the great "Saint-Ex," the French flier-writer and mystic who died mysteriously when his aircraft crashed, presumably into the ocean. The marquise's husband was a notable horseman and colonel of a cavalry regiment. He was killed in 1940 and in the confusion of the fall of France it took three months for the news to reach his widow. She herself conducted a resistance movement from her home in the Landes country and sometimes she wears a discreet little ribbon of the *Croix de Guerre* in her lapel. When the war ended, the various resistance groups in her village could not make up their minds about the election of a mayor. The Communists wanted one of their men, the Socialists one of theirs; the others wanted neither. Political feeling ran high. Finally someone said: "What about the marquise?" Even Communists agreed and they all went up to the château. The marquise became mayor of the village and would put on the tricolour sash to conduct the civil marriages of the young folk of the village. To reverse the French mayoral custom of kissing the bride after the ceremony, she kissed the bridegroom.

The marquise knows England well and is strongly in favour of it—except, of course, when some governmental act, which might be recognizable to us as a fuddy-duddy random-shift, appears to her as yet another example of Albion's diabolical perfidy. Even this feeling, normal among certain

# LOLITA & THE FRENCH

First of a new series  
of reports from Paris



by  
ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE



French people, is not without a measure of admiration and I thought she would be an ideal person through whose eyes to see the exhibition from a Gallic slant.

The exhibition, which continues until May, is in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, organized by the British Council together with French cultural and museum authorities, plus the obvious and felicitous helping hand of the Victoria & Albert Museum. The furniture is arranged through the phases of the 18th century and everyone has agreed that the setting is excellent.

Here are the criticisms of the Marquise de Boissésou. She said that she had seen many prettier things in "*châteaux*" in England; that in fact the stress was too much on the "*meubles de château*" which the French did better than anyone else. It would have been wiser to have more small pieces which the English produced so beautifully and of which there were several that were completely charming, but not enough. She pointed out also that Hanoverian influence had tended to give a bottom-heavy effect to much of the early 18th century furniture and that the legs and feet of some otherwise beautiful chairs and tables seem to end abruptly, as if the designer had lost interest. But there was at the same time much to admire.

★ ★ ★

There is a bar in Neuilly where I sometimes like to stand of an evening and tinker with *The Times* crossword puzzle. Another patron is an Irish groom. He schools show-jumpers, though he is certainly not young, as he last saw Ireland when he rode jingling off from the Curragh with his regiment to join the war in 1914. When we meet we talk about horses and Ireland—luxuries today, since few Irishmen seem to be able to afford them (otherwise why would you meet so many Irishmen abroad and afoot?). He has not left France since World War One, and when he speaks of Ireland it is like a sort of Rip O'Winkle, with idiom arrested 45 years ago. I should like to give an example of his anecdotes. This one is about what the French call the *guerre de trente-neuf*:

"At this time I was looking after two polo ponies but the master had been called back to his regiment. We heard the news that the Gairmans had arrived in Paris and the French police sent round a notice that all foreigners had to register their addresses. That night I was in the stables wondering what to do when the master comes in limping. 'Bejassus, monsieur le Comte,' says I, 'you look all in.' 'We're beat, Herlihy,' says he, 'we're beat in France and I'm off to Africa where we'll surely continue the fight. I was taken prisoner and hurt me leg lepping off the truck. The Gairmans are after me and I must be gone tonight. Kape the ponies,' says he, 'and look after them and yourself and do what you can.'

"Nobody bothered me much as I had the Irish nationality and I got hold of a *fiacre* and taught the ponies to pull it. So we spent the war up and down the Champs-Élysées, there being no taxis because of oil. At the end of the war the count came back. 'How are the ponies Herlihy,' says he. 'Happy enough,' says I, 'but I doubt they'll be much good for polo.' He went to look at them and sure they were nothing compared to their old selves having eaten little but poor hay all this time. 'Kape them,' says the count, laughing, and so I did. What seems strange is during all this I made a lot of money. . . ."

Herlihy tells another tale about being batman in the dragoons to Captain Oates—"poor decent man that he was, him that went off to die in the snow with Captain Scott." Oates asked him to go on the Antarctic expedition. "I thought it over that night and I came to the decision which still worries me. . . . In the morning I said to him: 'If you don't mind, sir, I think I'd better stay with the horses'."



Thesé men are placing in position a

gold centrepiece lent by the Queen

for the British exhibition in the

Louvre. On the following pages

GERTI DEUTSCH portrays in

photographs how the British Council

prepares such displays, exporting **ART**

**BY THE CRATEFUL**



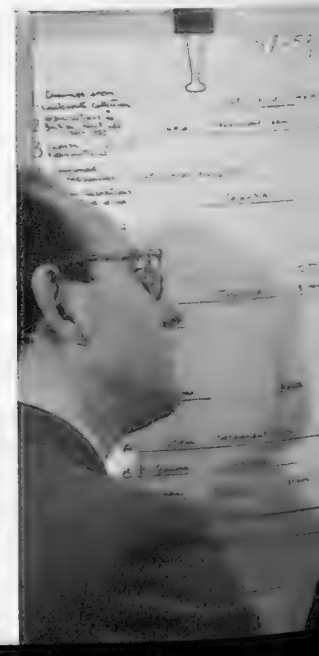


**Selection** by Mrs. Lilian Somerville, who is Director of the British Council's Fine Arts Department. Helping her in her office are Miss Louisa Harvey & Mr. Tom Stones. On the table, sculpture by Kenneth Armitage

## ART BY THE CRATEFUL

*continued*

**Customs official** (*left*) examines a Henry Moore sculpture on its way to Tokyo. *Below:* At headquarters, a comprehensive chart lists the places and dates of all the Council's travelling exhibitions







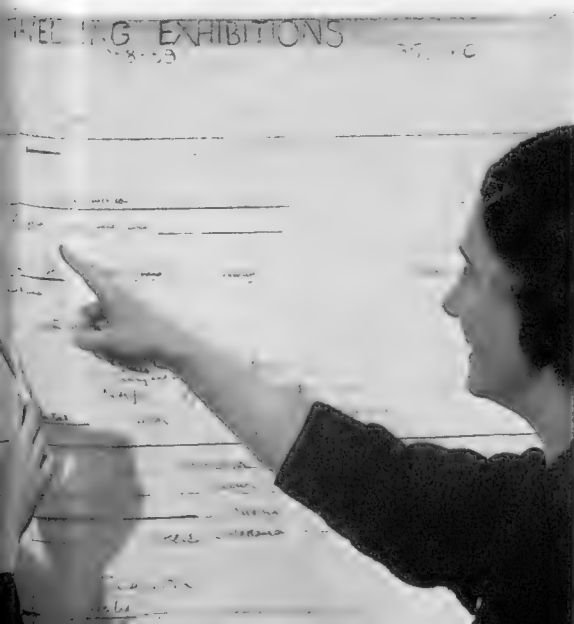
## COMMENTARY BY MICHAEL MIDDLETON

THE DISPLAY OF 18TH-CENTURY FURNITURE AND *objets d'art* WHICH OPENED in Paris a week or so ago is the most important of its kind ever sent out of England. It was escorted into the city by a full police escort with sirens trailing. Entitled *The Age of Elegance*, it is set out in a whole series of specially reconstructed rooms in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs.

During this same month, in Galle, 70 miles south of Colombo, 10,000 people went in three days to look at the work of Henry Moore as shown in a few small bronzes, some drawings and prints, and some blown-up photographs. Also during March, sales from the exhibition which formed the British participation in the Venice Biennale last year and which is now touring Western Europe, totalled more than £7,400 in Brussels. In addition ten British sculptors were shown in Caracas; the exhibition *Il Sette Cento in Roma* opened in Rome with substantial contributions from British collections, including the Queen's; a bigish show of work by seven younger painters opened in Sydney; 60 sculptures by Moore crossed from Portugal into Spain, while 15 more were on the high seas on their way to the Fifth International Art Exhibition in Tokyo, accompanied by paintings by five abstract artists.

As you read this, 18 other exhibitions of British paintings, watercolours, drawings, prints and reproductions are on show in other countries around

*continued overleaf*



**Checking:** Crates are made in the Council's basement. There everything is checked and packed. The Henry Moore drawings (right) are going to Tokyo. Top right: An American visitor, Mr. Andrew Ritchie (director of the Museum at Yale), looks at a sculpture by Eduardo Paolozzi. The sculpture in the foreground is by Lynn Chadwick







**Preparation:** Mr. Gerald Forty, the exhibition's secretary, checks lists of exhibits with Mlle. Jacqueline Becard of the Louvre's publicity department. *Above right:* Roland Penrose, writer, art critic and friend of Picasso, is the Fine Arts Officer of the British Council in Paris

A practical woman at home (in St. John's Wood) as well as at work, Mrs. Somerville does her own decorating. The painting is by Graham Sutherland



the world, from Jamaica to Yugoslavia, Austria to Mauritius. All these have been organized by the Fine Arts Department of the British Council.

On the Council's £4 million allocation for last year, perhaps this does not seem remarkable. Do not be misled. Music, drama and the fine arts together account for a mere 2½ per cent of the Council's income, and the Fine Arts Department's budget for the same period was only £8,500.

Such a programme is possible, in fact, only because British artistic standing is now so high internationally that other countries are eager to bear the greater part of the costs of sending exhibitions to them. Our reputation rests on the florescence of talent that the last 25 years have seen, but by far the biggest factor in establishing that talent internationally has been the work of the British Council.

The department consists of about a dozen, plus a few packers and typists. To its director, Mrs. Lilian Somerville, O.B.E., and the Council's Fine Arts Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Philip Hendy, must go the main credit for its skilful and adventurous policy. The department has its own permanent collection of 200 oils and watercolours and 20 sculptures, worth perhaps some £35,000 in all—many of which are important works.

A valuable scheme for defraying the expenses of casting brings into being bronzes that might never otherwise be possible. From time to time the department finds itself involved in things like sponsoring films. Ever and always it provides an information centre for visiting artists, critics and museum directors, many sales to important overseas galleries have been effected by such means.

But even though the department contrives to make the export of contemporary art pay for itself, the more heart-warming thought for me remains those 10,000 Sinhalese in three days.



# ART BY THE CRATEFUL *concluded*

**Faces at the Louvre:**  
*Top right:* M. Jacques Guérin, director of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, with writer André Malraux, who is French Minister of State in charge of cultural affairs  
*Lower right:* Mr. Trenchard Cox, director of the Victoria & Albert Museum, with M. François Boucher, former director of the Musée Carnavalet. The other anonymous faces of gallery-goers include (*bottom, right*) the inevitable women who are glad to just sit

**Filming:** While in Paris for the exhibition, Mrs. Somerville & Mr. Penrose (*right*) watched the making of a film sponsored by the British Council in association with the Arts Council. The camera was set up before Henry Moore's *Reclining Figure* in the grounds of the new U.N.E.S.C.O. building







Gerli Deutsch

**ORGANIZER** Señora Dona Mercedes Sanz-Bachiller is one of two women members of Spain's Cortes. She has been visiting Britain with a parliamentary delegation—the first to come here since the Civil War. Dona Mercedes is head of Spain's social welfare organization. She exemplifies a growing tendency for Spanish women to take up careers. Her husband is also a deputy of the Cortes



**ORGANIST** Helmut Walcha, the blind German organist, is to perform in London. He will give four recitals next month at the Festival Hall in the "Wednesdays at 5.55" series. He specializes in the works of Bach and his programme will include *The Art of Fugue*. This is normally performed by an ensemble and not often heard on the solo organ. Herr Walcha, 52, lives in Frankfurt. His wife, who acts as his secretary, accompanies him on all his tours



## NEWS PORTRAITS





Gerti Deutsch

**OBJECTIVE** The Cambridge Experimental Theatre Group is performing *Romeo & Juliet* at French universities during the Easter vacation. The Group, financially assisted by the British Drama League, exists to take British drama abroad. The production will tour Montpellier, Grenoble and Lyons universities (where there are a number of British students). *Right:* Christopher Parry (Benvolio) and Richard Kay (Romeo) in the first act of the play, produced by Michael Deakin, a freshman

Peter Laurie







New this season: At Greys Court (owned by Sir Felix Brunner), near Henley, there is to be a Son et Lumière show during the royal regatta week. The photograph shows a ruin in the grounds

Lewis Morley



New this season: Athelhampton (Dorset), dating from the 14th century, has been restored by Mr. R. V. Cooke. His son, Mr. Robert Cooke, M.P., has

# The stately homes

reopen for business this weekend

AN EVE-OF-SEASON  
SURVEY CONDUCTED  
BY SYDNEY CARTER



Chris Ware

The cover shows the Marquess & Marchioness of Hertford arranging the display of plate at Ragley Hall, Warwickshire.

Right: They examine their coronation robes, also on display. Extreme right: A rearwork Victorian tableau at Ragley entitled "Pappa has a cold"







... of the  
written

*Roses, is being opened by the new owner, a book on great West Country houses*

IN THE NEW BRITISH INDUSTRY OF tourism, in which every season is better than the last, the Stately Homes play an ever-growing part. As recently as 1952 only about 233 historic houses, castles and gardens were open to the public. This year there will be at least 450. And, spurred on, perhaps, by the example of the ingenuity by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, all kinds of special attractions are being readied for the new season. At Beaulieu, Lord Montagu's estate, a new museum has been built to house the family collection of antique cars. At Ragley Hall, Warwickshire, home of the Marquess & Marchioness of Hertford, wax figures will be resplendent in silk and lace (I saw them being titivated in a disused Congregationalist chapel near the Portobello Road). At Salisbury Hall, Hertfordshire, a silk farm is being accommodated in Nell Gwyn's cottage in the grounds. It will have been a poor year if, by Christmas, fewer than some 3½ million visitors have yielded to a hunger for history—and a tasty tea served in the coach-house.

This vogue for slumming-in-reverse is already so firmly established that the "league table" of stately homes has become as familiar as the county cricket championship. Last year's Top Ten were:

|                          | visitors |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Woburn Abbey             | 448,515  |
| Chatsworth               | 248,552  |
| Arundel Castle           | 152,000  |
| (an unofficial estimate) |          |

*continued overleaf*

*Sir Joslan and Lady Ingilby with their children, Katherine Benita (7), Caroline Diana (9) and Thomas Colvin (3)*



**New this season:** Ripley Castle (Yorkshire), owned by the Ingilby family (see also below) for 700 years, will be open to the public for the first time. James I is said to have stayed there on his journey to London from Scotland

R. Ackrill





# stately homes concluded

|                 | visitors |
|-----------------|----------|
| Blenheim Palace | 131,474  |
| Longleat        | 120,000  |
| Hatfield House  | 86,500   |
| Harewood House  | 83,000   |
| Belvoir Castle  | 68,467   |
| Berkeley Castle | 63,000   |
| Haddon Hall     | 61,500   |

Woburn's success has been so spectacular that it is has probably encouraged custom for stately homes in general and may also have persuaded hitherto reluctant owners to open their doors. According to Nancy Mitford (in her celebrated essay\*) English aristocrats take readily to such showmanship. "It is," she writes, "the first topic of conversation in noble circles today, the tourists being referred to in terms of sport rather than of cash—a sweepstake on the day's run, or the bag counted after the shoot. 'I get twice as many as Reggie, but Bert does better than me.'

"The baiting of the trap is lovingly considered.

"Mummy dresses up in her Coronation robes, they can't resist it."

"I say, old boy, look out—you don't want to pay entertainment tax."

"No, no—I've taken counsel's opinion."

"We've started a pets' cemetery—quid for a grave, three quid for a stone, and a fiver if Daphne writes a poem for it."

But of course plenty of famous estates have been drawing the public since long before the present aristocracy was faced with tax troubles or a backlog of death duties to pay off. The gardens at Stourhead, Wiltshire, were opened in 1722. They proved so attractive that the owner, a Mr. Henry Hoare, put up an inn at Stourton to cater for the visitors. There is a strangely modern ring,

\*Now republished in a new Penguin, *Noblesse Oblige*, with Professor Alan Ross's original essay on "U."

too, about the cry of another noble householder of the same period: "Troops of holiday neighbours are hourly chasing me from my apartment, or, strolling about the environs, keep me a prisoner in it." As for Blenheim, that was besieged by sightseers from the moment that Vanbrugh started building it.

What has caused the post-war boom? Probably the five-day week and the multiplication of motor-cars (not to mention motor coaches) have a lot to do with it. People want somewhere pleasant to visit at weekends. And whether a stately home is visited or not usually depends on its accessibility. There are exceptions like Dunvegan Castle on the Isle of Skye, which to a MacLeod has the irresistible appeal of being the ancient shrine of the clan. Or there is Blithfield Hall in Warwickshire which, though it is not on the main tourist route, seems to attract folklorists from all over Europe to see the Abbot's Bromley Horn Dance (7 September this year).

Now that the stately-homes business is becoming more competitive, more and more of them are featuring specialties of their own. At Luton Hoo there is the Wernher Collection of jewellery. At Greys Court, near Henley, there is to be a *Son et Lumière* show during the royal regatta. It will tell dramatically the story of the crimes of Robert Earl of Somerset, favourite of James I, and his wife the Jacobean beauty Frances Howard. Blenheim, too, will have something new—a 25 ft. motor launch to give visitors rides round the lake, 11 people at a time. Aptly, Thoresby Hall ("in the heart of the Sherwood Forest") will have archery contests.

If it's just a tea you want, try Stapleford Park, near Melton Mowbray. "The teas at Stapleford," I read, "have been described as the best in the Midlands, one of the secrets being that all the scones and cakes are home-made in the private

kitchen by the family cook." But a word of warning (or reassurance) about Rockingham Castle, in Northamptonshire. It has nothing whatever to do with Lord Rockingham's XI, of "Hoots Mon" fame—Lord Rockingham is of the same order of nobility as Duke Ellington. Rockingham Castle belongs to Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bart. It was built by William the Conqueror; it has some fine paintings and a splendid garden (mostly Elizabethan).

Stately homes opening for the first time during this season include Ripley Castle, near Harrogate, home of Sir Joslan Ingilby; Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, home of the late James (Jimmy) de Rothschild and now National Trust Property; The Vyne, Basingstoke, an early 16th-century house with Georgian interiors (also National Trust); and Athelhampton in Dorset, a medieval battlemented house which was open for a short while some years ago, but is now reopening under new ownership.

Many organizations have a hand in the administration and preservation of stately homes. They include the National Trust, the National Trust of Scotland, the Ministry of Works and the Mutual Households Association (this, with the help of local councils and the Historic Buildings Council, converts them into several homes, the tenants eventually sharing running and maintenance expenses). But there is no need to be baffled about where to turn for information. A booklet called *Historic Houses & Castles in Great Britain & Northern Ireland* (published by Index Publishers Ltd., price 3s.) is available at most booksellers. This is a guide to more than 450 properties, giving opening times and full details. Or, for those in a hurry, the British Travel & Holidays Association at 64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1, answers queries on the telephone (MAYfair 9191).

## BRIGGS by Graham







Did you know that scenes  
like these are within £60\*  
(RETURN)  
from London by air?



ZOLTAN GLASS photographs  
and HEIDI KROTT describes  
(overleaf) the North African way of  
life as typified by the one-time 8th  
Army objective . . .

## TRIPOLI

\* London-Tangier: £56 13s. tourist  
return by Air France (or £42 11s. by  
B.E.A., stopping in Gibraltar  
overnight). London-Tunis: £58 3s.  
Air France tourist return. London-  
Tripoli: £71 10s. tourist  
return by U.A.T.



## TRIPOLI

continued

An Arab cook;  
the kitchen of  
his tiny restaurant  
opens on the  
street. *Opposite:*  
A covered  
market in the  
old town



THE HEADLIGHTS of the car picked out a group of white-robed figures huddled round a small charcoal fire. An old man walked slowly along the pitch black road leading a camel. Everything seemed completely unreal. Unlike that frequent feeling of disappointment which often overcomes one when first in a new country, there was a definite air of unfamiliarity about Libya, an unmistakable difference.

The next morning I discovered that I was living in a small sandy lane, about four miles from Tripoli. Apart from two other English families and one American family, our neighbours were all Arabs. The lane was the playground of all the Arab children, running around in their night-shirt-like garments, covered in flies, dirt and previous meals. They surrounded one immediately, crying "Hulloa buckshee, buckshee, buckshee!"

The drive into Tripoli took me through four miles of Bible scenery with robed Arabs on donkeys, veiled women with enormous baskets on their heads, old shepherds with their flocks of sheep, and the ubiquitous barefoot children. Groups of men lined the road, sitting outside the humble white buildings, smoking or making tea—a lengthy process where the tea is poured to and from a small blue enamel teapot into the cup until it reaches the perfect fragrance.

The main shopping streets of Tripoli are lined by numerous pavement cafés. Traffic here is varied, ranging from donkey carts, bicycles, jeeps and the tinkling horse-drawn *garis* to the latest model de-luxe American cars. The population is cosmopolitan and one finds oneself surrounded by Arabs, Negroes, Turks, Italians, Maltese, Americans and even English.

Arab women are kept in strict *purdah* and hardly ever venture out of the house. When they do they are always heavily veiled,

usually only one eye peeping through their *baracanos*.

The woman's life is a solitary one. She is not allowed to eat with her husband, nor in a restaurant; she is forbidden to go to the cinema or any other kind of entertainment; she is not allowed to pray in the mosques. In fact her main purpose and duty is to produce an heir to the family. The Arab husbands are fanatic about sons. A typical example of this was the brother of our house-boy. Mohammed wanted a son. When his wife produced no children, he acquired another wife, who shamefully presented him with two daughters. The furious Mohammed then bought a third wife, who after an extremely difficult birth presented him with yet another daughter. Fortunately the wife had to go to hospital—fortunate because Mohammed, at the end of his tether, stormed into the hospital with a knife, prepared to kill both wife and child.

In spite of their primitive ideas on life, the Muslims are extraordinarily devout. Five times a day, beginning at about five in the morning, thin wailing voices are heard, echoing over the land. These are the *muezzins*, holy men, who climb to the tops of the minarets of the mosques and summon the Muslims to come and pray to Allah.

One of the biggest festivals of the Muslim calendar is *Aid Aladha*, in the early summer.

For days before it was impossible to sleep at night due to the constant thudding of drums accompanied by shrill pipes and ghost-like chanting. Streams of carts passed by, loaded with pathetically bleating sheep.

At last the great day arrived. I awoke to the sound of distant bleating and the most nauseating smell. To my horror, the whole road was lined with small groups of Arabs, huddled round their family sheep, in various stages of the sacred killing. Only faint bleat-

ings were heard and both women and men arduously carved at the half-dead creature with scythe-like knives. Children were sent to and fro with bowls of water, in which the smeared hands were rinsed. One family was well ahead; their sheep, devoid of all its entrails, was strung up over a fire and gently roasting, the burning fleece lending an added aroma to the air.

My favourite part of Tripoli is the old town. This is surrounded by a high wall and contains the markets—*souks*. Most of the *souks* are covered and each narrow street houses a different craft. One contains the weavers, sitting at their looms, producing gay striped blankets and cloth for the *baracanos*. In others are the silversmiths, the cobblers, bakers, leather craftsmen and so on.

Despite warnings, I was determined to try the native food—a dish called *cous-cous*. I managed to persuade an American friend to take me out for a meal. We only knew of two restaurants, both of which were renowned for their unpleasant after-effects. We parked the car in the main Castle Square to collect some photographs and jokingly asked the Arab who tended the cars, if he could recommend somewhere. In a second, he had leapt into the car and was excitedly directing us through the dark *souks*. With utmost difficulty and an accumulation of children hanging on to the car, we arrived at our destination—a dark opening. We climbed a steep flight of steps, at the top of which were two wash basins and a display of the food.

We sat down at a table, and to a background of eerie Arab music awaited our fate. When the meal arrived, all that could be seen on our plates was a mass of bones surrounded by gristly congealed fat. We removed these to another plate, but the view beneath was not much more encouraging—a mound of thick sauces heaped over the





*cous-cous*, a kind of finely-ground rice.

I took a mouthful. It was grim. I tried again, determined not to be a conservative English miss. It tasted foul. I was preparing myself for a third courageous attempt when I saw an anonymous white object hiding behind a large greeny yellow bean. At that moment the beaming cook himself arrived, and with a horrific grin said "Sheep's eye. Special honour."

I was longing to see the desert, so one day a friend offered to drive me into the Jebel, the mountainous region which separates the desert from the steppe country. We drove through miles of nothingness, a sea of sand.

We passed a beautiful herd of pure white camels, the babies proudly swaying on their spindly legs. Gradually the land became more fertile and palm trees, prickly pear bushes and olive trees flourished.

Eventually we saw the plateau and climbed the steep winding road to the Berber town of Jefren, built on the slopes of two hills. The houses, small, grey and badly decayed, appeared to be completely uninhabitable.

After lunch we drove on to Garian, a town which must have been in existence since prehistoric times. Nothing has changed and the inhabitants still live in troglodyte dwellings, hewn in the rock or burrowed into the earth. We saw a large deep pit, with several openings round the edges. In these a number of families lived, owning no furniture and sleeping on the ground.

Another interesting excursion was to Leptis Magna, an old Roman town on the coast. This was a most impressive sight with the pale pink stone of the ruins silhouetted against the bright blue sky, and surrounded by sand. The whole city was deserted, one had the feeling of walking into another world. But then, as I said at the beginning, in Libya one had that feeling all the time.



Above: Children carrying native bread

Below: The newly-built Hotel Ouddan





# VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

It may have looked  
fine on paper

## THEATRE

by Anthony  
Cookman

**P**ATRONAGE OF THE ARTS is a tricky business and patronage of artists even trickier. *The Buskers* is one of two plays on the strength of which the Arts Council have awarded a bursary to Mr. Kenneth Jupp as a dramatist of unusual promise. Brought to the test of performance at the Arts Theatre it is likely to leave audiences asking what exactly in the author's style of writing caught the imagination of competent judges. They can only suppose that the other yet unstaged play must be pretty good.

Most good writers in any form have begun by imitating their betters. Mr. Jupp is still at that early stage of apprenticeship. He wants to be as simple as Saroyan, as complicated as Pirandello, as violent as Eugene O'Neill, but he seems not yet to have perceived how much guile is masked by Saroyan's apparently artless simplicity, how much clear thinking Pirandello needed to move easily from different planes of reality, and how much power goes to the making of O'Neill's violence.

*The Buskers* has a long, rambling, Saroyanesque introduction. A troupe of poor strolling players on a makeshift stage set nowhere in particular are running through their crude and pitiful repertoire. The leader of the troupe and his daughter are the only true artists in the company; they have a touching belief in the value and dignity of their ancient calling. But the rest of the troupe are members of a single family, a dirty and lazy lot who regard busking as a degrading business and are tetchily preoccupied in wondering what has become of the great religious teacher in whose worldly glory they once basked.

The whole of this introduction is written in the spirit of the old improvised comedy, which is all very well except that nothing much happens. Perhaps the most important thing to happen is that we, the real audience, are suddenly asked to take the place of the thin, shifting mimic audience. This old device is not adroitly managed, but it is supposed to have a highly stimulating effect on the buskers. They, even the lazy ones, are full of excitement to find themselves playing to a full house.

After some disastrous attempts to rise to the occasion the leader in desperation suggests that they should re-enact the history of the family quarrel which is always breaking out among them and ruining performances in which they are supposed to be people other than themselves. The suggestion fills them with horror, and it is in the rendering of their horror of exposing their private lives to the public that Mr. Jupp gives his clearest indication of promise as a dramatist. We are for a while really curious to know what awful things they are so fearful to disclose.

But the drama they re-enact turns out to be only a watered down version of *Six Characters In Search Of An Author* with bits of *Desire Under The Elms* thrown in for good measure. The great religious preacher has a handsome wife brought up in the stews of Caspia and when one of her daughters



brings home an attractive Caspian as her husband the mother finds him quite irresistible. So does the young bride's sister. The lusty Caspian has no end of a time among the three women till the bawdy minded old grandfather lets the bride know what is going on. In despair she kills herself. So for Pirandellian tragedy we are given a crude sexual melodrama.

It is not really made any better because the odd man out of the troupe playing the missing religious teacher turns out to be the man he is impersonating and, breaking through the acting convention, strangles the man who all those years ago ruined his domestic happiness.

Whether the reckless philanderer is more to blame for the trouble than the women we have no means of telling. The author's itch for violence and novelty at any cost leaves him no time to draw character. Still, the piece is extremely well acted, especially by Miss Patricia Jessel as the lascivious mother-in-law and Mr. Patrick Magee as the mysterious stranger. The acting, it seemed to me, was always better than the play, and both Mr. Gordon Gostelow, as the eternally hopeful stage manager, and Miss Wendy Hutchinson make delightfully much of small parts.

*Two of the  
Buskers. Nicholas  
(Neil McCallum),  
the demon lover,  
and Beatrice  
(June Brown) one  
of the family  
ruined by his  
charm*



*Alec Clunes takes  
over the role of  
Professor Higgins  
in My Fair Lady  
on Easter  
Monday  
replacing Rex  
Harrison.  
Rehearsing with  
him is Tonia  
Lee, Julie  
Andrews's  
understudy*

## THE PLAY:

*The Buskers*

Patricia Jessel  
Neil McCallum  
Patrick Magee  
Gordon Gostelow  
Wendy Hutchinson

## Terry-Thomas shows the flag

**I**F YOU HAVE A COUSIN in the Foreign Office—one you are fond of—and can simply not have aspersions cast Whitehallwards on that account, Carlton-Browne *Of The F.O.* will probably affect you as it did a rather nice woman I met at the press show: it left her seething with fury. I had the impression that she regarded the film as nothing short of an outrage: certainly there were fierce mutterings of "ought to be publicly horse-whipped"—which I gathered applied to those impudent and satirical brothers, Messrs. John and Roy Boulting, and Mr. Jeffrey Dell, their witty accomplice.

I have to confess I could not agree with her: I found the film, on the whole, extraordinarily funny. It seemed to me that though the teasing shafts aimed by the collaborators at their target are undeniably barbed, they are not envenomed—so that even if they do strike shrewdly home (and some do) they are unlikely to prove lethal.

Mr. Terry-Thomas gives a joyous performance as a conspicuously bone-headed gentleman in the title role. The uneventful life he leads in that department of the F.O. known as Miscellaneous Territories is rudely disrupted when the small island state of Gaillardia suddenly claims attention—through the British Resident, Mr. Miles

**CINEMA**  
by Elspeth  
Grant



Malleon, whom somebody forgot to recall when the island ceased to be a colony in 1916. Something sinister is happening in Gaillardia: Russians are digging holes all over the place and nobody knows why.

Carlton-Browne's suggestion that British scientists disguised as British Council culture-disseminators be sent to Gaillardia leads to trouble, the old king is assassinated—and, as a Special Ambassador, Carlton-Browne, accompanied by a Military Adviser (Mr. Thorley Walters at his bulldog best), is flown out to "show the flag," assure the young king (charmingly played by Mr. Ian Bannen) of our friendship, and incidentally see that if mineral deposits do exist nobody else has a chance to acquire them.

While every move he makes is the wrong one, there is something rather endearing about Mr. Terry-Thomas's furrowed expression as he vainly but earnestly tries to get the hang of things: he is obviously as full of good intentions as U.N.O.—about whose New York glass-house celestial choirs sing as Gaillardia's fate is decided without reference to the wishes of its monarch. Mr. Sellers is splendidly oily as the villainous Gaillardian Prime Minister—and Signorina Luciana Paoluzzi sweetly pretty as the young princess through whom the king can bring his partitioned country together again.

When Mr. Alfred Hitchcock made his version of the late Mr. John Buchan's thriller, *The 39 Steps*, he flogged the story along at such a pace that one had no time to question its credibility: one arrived breathless and somewhat baffled at the end of it—but one had indubitably found the journey thrilling. Mr. Ralph Thomas, directing the current version, puts less emphasis upon excitement than upon agreeable entertainment: and if you didn't see the original (made 1935 or thereabouts) you will enjoy it well enough.

Mr. Kenneth More brings his amiable personality to the role of Richard Hannay and takes everything much in his stride—so that I never really worried about him, except in the vertiginous Forth Bridge sequence. Miss Faith Brook is the nurse (a secret agent) who warns him that a foreign spy-ring is about to smuggle details of our top-secret atom weapon out of the country: she is murdered in his flat but not before she has directed him to Scotland as the headquarters of the most important man concerned. Off goes Hannay to Scotland, tangles with police—real or bogus—is handcuffed to a reluctant school-mistress (Froken Taina Elg), escapes with her across the moors and returns to London, where the trail of the 39 steps ends in a music-hall.

Signor Alberto Lattuada's film, *The Vixen*, is an excellently directed study in passion. One carnival night a young soldier, Signor Ettore Manni, goes to bed with a handsome though somewhat older widow—Kerima, looking magnificently animal. The soldier meets a girl, touchingly played by Miss May Britt, with whom he falls in love. He is taken aback to find she is the widow's daughter but he still wants to marry her. The widow makes no objection: as her daughter's husband, he will live in the same house as herself—and must surely respond to her burning advances. It is a rather ferocious film but the acting and direction have great distinction.

*The Third Sex* is a heavily German and, I thought, somewhat devious film about homosexuality. A German mother (Fraulein Paula Wessely), is so worried about the (as it seems to her) abnormal and dangerous company her son (Herr Christian Wolff) is keeping that she urges their attractive servant (Fraulein Ingrid Stenn) to seduce the boy—which she does. As a result, Mum is given a year's imprisonment for procuring. Most odd.

M. Sacha Guitry's screenplay for *Life Together* is a mite incoherent: it is a whimsical investigation

into the present status of four couples who inspired an author (M. Pierre Brasseur) to write his greatest success. Are they happy? As the cast includes all my favourite French stars, I most definitely was.

## Jazz in the calypso country

MY RECENT VISIT to the Caribbean prompts me to observe how jazz-conscious most of those islands in the sun have become in recent years. Not only was I inundated with requests to broadcast jazz programmes, but when I was finally ensnared into a local studio I found a wealth of jazz material on record and tape which is not available to the broadcaster in England. I spent a perfect afternoon in air-conditioned comfort, listening to the "live" tapes taken at the 1958 Newport Festival, which included some exceptional work by Miles Davis and Monk.

But the West Indies are not devoid of their own music. Since 1945 the steel band, instrumented entirely by the tuning of the metal tops of empty forty-gallon oil drums, has achieved immense popularity. They provide excellent parade music, mounted on the back of a truck, but the larger ones at any rate should be enjoyed strictly in the open air. The resonance produced by these drums can become overwhelming inside a building. The calypso retains its popularity, ranging as it does from the occasional triteness of skiffle to potent rhythm and vocal comment on the passing scene. The arrival of some deflated balloonists in Barbados provoked a spate of calypso songs, mostly witty, and tinged with sentiment for the unexpected visitors. Nixa's "Calypso Cocktail," presenting seven varied artists is well worth hearing.

Flamenco music has, like calypso, been construed as one of the basic ingredients of jazz. Its completely improvised qualities, and especially its fascinating vocal line, constitute a 700-year-old bridge between European and Negro music. A Parlophone release from their "Music of the World" series features a popular hero, Antonio Molina, and some impressive guitar playing by "Sarasate."

Ruth Olay has one of the most original deliveries among a big batch of vocalists recently perpetuated on wax. Her Mercury EP shows that her style is not far distant from that of Lena Horne, whereas Sarah Vaughan seems to be the popular model for most others. Chris Connor has that same breathy voice (a built-in flattening operation on every note) and a tricky jazz accompaniment of some merit on her London LP.

Helen Merrill, another luscious blonde with addictions to jazz expression, worked with Hines, sat in on Bud Powell jam sessions, and has knocked around the jazz business since 1952. What she lacks in diction she makes up in rhythmic interpretation, but lets down a potentially interesting record by concentrating on too many slow ballads.

I prefer the earthy splendour of Mahalia Jackson's "Newport" album, a curiously moving presentation of religious jazz. The intensity of her voice makes other contemporary singers sound thin and empty, and the accuracy of her intonation and delivery could well serve as a model.

A white singer who has closely assimilated the same approach to jazz singing is Claire Austin, who follows up her previous successes with the album under review. This is a collection of simple sentimental songs, skilfully integrated with the imaginative accompaniment of trumpeter Bob Scobey and that fine guitarist Barney Kessel.

## RECORDS

by Gerald Lascelles

### STOKES JOKES



### THE RECORDS:

Mahalia Jackson  
*Newport*—1958  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 17s. 6½d.  
Philips BBL7289

Claire Austin  
*When your love has gone*  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 18s. 3d.  
Contemporary  
LAC12139

*Calypso cocktail*  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 15s. 10d.  
Nixa NPL18024

Antonio Molina,  
etc.  
*Flamenco Espanol*  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 15s. 10d.  
Parlophone  
PMC1075

### THE FILMS:

*Carlton-Browne of the F.O.*

Terry-Thomas  
Peter Sellers  
Ian Bannen  
Luciana Paoluzzi  
dr. Jeffrey Dell &  
Roy Boulting

*The 39 steps*  
Kenneth More  
Taina Elg  
Faith Brook  
Barry Jones  
dr. Ralph Thomas

*The vixen*  
Kerima  
May Britt  
Ettore Manni  
Mario Passante  
dr. Alberto  
Lattuada  
("X" Certificate)

*The third sex*  
Paula Wessely  
Christian Wolff  
Ingrid Stenn  
dr. Veit Harlan  
("X" Certificate)

*Life together*  
Edwige Feuillère  
Fernandel  
Lilli Palmer  
Danielle Darrieux  
Pierre Brasseur  
dr. Clément  
Duhour  
("X" Certificate)





Mark Gerson

## That Moorish blood was to blame

### BOOKS

by Siriol

Hugh-Jones

**H**ISTORICAL FICTION seems to me to be roughly divided into two classes—the good and the sexy. (The two may overlap from time to time of course, and there is also a third shadowy category which consists of agreeable Regency day-dreams, full of swaggering bucks and peekaboo eyelashes and lashings of Romance as clean as a whistle.) Favourite back-drops, now becoming a trifle creased, for the sexy-type historical novel are the Restoration, Tudor England, the gaudier bits of the 18th century, and dear old peach-fed, high-living, steamy Ancient Rome as runner-up.

No one so far as I know has explored the possibilities of basic sex in the Stone Age, possibly because one of the essential ingredients in this kind of sherry-trifle fiction is a cunning, dissolute, scheming aristocracy, ever on the look-out for a promising young virgin to despoil and hurl back into the gutter, and when everyone pigged it in draughty caves there could have been no wrong side of the tracks whatsoever.

I am interested in the now well-known *Angélique* by Sergeanne Golon, partly because it is the size of a small encyclopaedia—it is I gather the work of two authors, writers being only human and life short—and partly because it is splendidly tailored to the classic successful formula. The period is the France of Louis XIV, and the heroine the eternal-feminine personification obligatory in this kind of novel, the tough, succulent girl no catastrophe can daunt, ambitious and self-reliant, undressed with indefatigable regularity in every other chapter, and convinced that tomorrow is another busy day.

*Angélique* has the edge on many another such heroine, insofar as she is persuaded, bought, captured, seduced, consoled, tempted, educated and plain raped a record number of times, and makes the required progress from rags to riches twice over. The great love of her life is a magni-

Jane Duncan, 49, wrote seven novels in two years. She showed the first to Macmillans, who decided to publish the lot. The first, *My Friends The Miss Boyds*, will appear next month. Miss Duncan, a Scotswoman and M.A.(Eng.Lit.) has lived for 10 years in Jamaica

ficent fantasy-figure, a scarred and lame aristocrat who wears a mask, dabbles in advanced science, sings like an angel, has a reputation for nameless debauchery and sinister powers, and is, of course, a fabulous technician at post-graduate love.

*Angélique* fights on through well over 700 pages, giving way frequently to her own brand of rapt abandon, and winning a remarkable series of campaigns with her "body which a drop of Moorish blood had spiced with a longing for carnal ardour," as the translation rather neatly puts it. Meanwhile any number of 17th-century Top People put in appearances. For those that have the staying-power, *Angélique* is an interesting study in how to make your own great big beautiful best-seller, and will save you changing your library book for several days.

A different kettle of fish and far less doggedly frisky, Geoffrey Trease's *So Wild The Heart* is a rather charming, intelligent, dry and gently romantic book, odd and appealing, about a poor celibate scholar of self-effacing habits in Regency Oxford, a research trip to the Italian lakes, a terrible Godwinesque free-thinking family, and love and freedom in the shape of a bright young person from America. The dons are corrupt and drink far too much port, and love is discreetly unconfined in one episode, but positively no one gets raped and Byron never even passes, such is Mr. Trease's restraint.

I much enjoyed Thomas Pakenham's *The Mountains Of Rasselas*, an account of the young author's journey to Ethiopia in search of the bizarre mountain larder into which royal princes were popped until death or duty called. Mr. Pakenham is a good classic English traveller, sometimes joyful and eager, often morose, suffering from fleas, dysentery, and a too-small topee that gave him a headache, and already a master of bleak, owlsh traveller's-prose ("We sat cross-legged round a small tin of baked beans. Professor Stompf sucked an egg and pronounced it bad. . .")

When Mr. Pakenham was preparing to ascend his Mountain, he breakfasted on the remains of last night's sheep and Cooper's Oxford Marmalade (the label twisted his heart with a sudden pang of nostalgia); when he got back to London, he found it unchanged and no one could understand why he had not heard of a play called *Look Back In Anger*. This is all excellent stuff, and I specially relish a rather haughty picture of the author on the jacket, burnt an astonishing black and sitting with negligent ease, feet a-dangle, on a disenchanted-looking mule.

*The Ancient Mariners* by Lionel Casson is a jolly book, off-hand and casual in style, about the beginnings of boats and trading and fighting fleets in the ancient world. If you are avid for information about how many rolls of finished papyrus and sacks of lentils were shipped to a crafty fellow called Zakar-Ball by two Egyptians by the name of Nesubanebbed and Tanetamon somewhere around 1100 B.C., this is the book for you. Personally, it fills me with a weird joy and most satisfactorily blankets all anxieties about more current international situations.

Indeed all these books provide good escape routes, *Angélique*'s being the most tangled, bosky, and overgrown. The exploits of the Marquis de Sade are told to the children in the nursery on page one, and there, in the very last sentence, "She was at Versailles!" At least as far as sheer bulk goes, no one could humanly ask for more.

### THE BOOKS:

*Angélique*  
by Sergeanne Golon  
(Heinemann, 25s.)

*So wild the heart*  
by Geoffrey Trease  
(Macmillan, 16s.)

*The mountains of  
Rasselas*  
by Thomas  
Pakenham  
(Weidenfeld &  
Nicolson, 21s.)

*The ancient  
mariners*  
by Lionel Casson  
(Gollancz, 21s.)





Michel Molinare

## TOPS . . .

'Shapes' predominate  
in the hats you'll be  
wearing this summer

The new hats, in common with the season's trend to prettier fashions, can be all things to all women. Boaters are back, plumes return and flowers, as always, remain with us. But undoubtedly the most outstanding of the hats shown in Paris were the "shapes"—designs that depended for effect on clear-cut sweeping lines, ignoring all but the most elementary of trimmings. Jean Barthet's hat (*pictured left*) of absinthe straw lined and trimmed with yellow satin is an example of this dramatic simplicity. "Shapes" at toe-level were even more sensational. Roger Vivier, who designs shoes for Christian Dior, launched his aptly-named **Choe** heel which, he claims, follows logically the natural line of the heel. Toes in general are longer, more tapering than ever and blunted now at the ends to form a spatula shape. The prototype of the **Choe** heel (*shown below*) is made of red and white printed silk and will shortly be on sale over here

## . . . and TOES

'Shapes' again in shoes  
with the even-longer  
line (on pages 616-17)



Andre Ostier



Clear-cut from the House of Dior where hats are mostly uncluttered with well defined lines, like this model of white stiffened organza which is trimmed only with navy velvet ribbon

## TOPS and toes *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE

Another "shape" hat is this large coolie with downward sweeping brim covered in Ascher's brilliant pink and orange printed silk chiffon. From Simone Mirman, 9 Chesham Place





Contrasting with the "shapes" already shown, Simone Mirman mounts a great bloom of white organza rose petals on a bandeau of coarse plaited moss-green straw

*Below:* Pierre Cardin, whose hats are as sensational as his clothes, takes handfuls of white hyacinth heads to cover a hat of wide mesh net mounted on wire



Pierre Cardin of Paris swathes blossom pink silk tulle on a foundation of stiffened net and scatters it with petals



*Below:* Huge crimson roses encircle Rudolf's hat of brilliant scarlet straw, which has, again, the turned-down brim



## TOPS and toes

**Exotic** leaves gave a tropical look to the Couture collections both in London and Paris. *Right:* Rudolf of Grosvenor Street, W.1, made this hat of lacquered elephant palm. *Below:* "Tropique," one of the most exciting hats shown by the House of Dior, is made of dried bamboo shoots







**Sophisticated** egret plumage which never entirely disappears from fashion is to be seen again everywhere. *Above:* Madame Vernier of George Street, W.1, achieves a turban effect with upswept sprays mounted on a bandeau of white satin. *Below:* The classic great occasion hat has a sweep of egret plumes balanced by a little half cap of embroidered white satin. Designed by Hugh Beresford, Davies Street, W.1

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



Photograph by Andre Ostler

Long vamps and narrow square toes distinguished many of the shoes which Roger Vivier has designed for Christian Dior. This shoe of white faille is decorated with emerald drops

tops and **TOES** *concluded*



The stub-toed long-waisted vamp is seen in another Continental shoe designed by Charles Jourdan. Here in pale grey calf, it can be bought in B fittings only at Russell & Bromley, New Bond St., 8 gns. Matching handbag costs 13 gns.





Photograph by Michel Molinere

In pale superfine mushroom suède this cocktail shoe by Mondaine of New Bond Street is banded with toning satin which also makes the roses trimming the pointed vamp. The shoe, which is also made in black, navy blue and cream, costs 11 gns.

Many toning shades of linen are pleated across the vamp of this Rayne shoe. Here the shades graduate from rose-pink to white. Also made in shades ranging from beige to tan and shades of blue. At Delman, Old Bond Street. Price: 10 gns.



Fashionable pale mushroom calf is used for this Dior shoe. Note fan-pleating on the vamp and ridged toe. Also in black, navy blue and Imperial blue in AA and B fittings. At Delman, Old Bond St., and Dickins & Jones, 8½ gns.



Continuing the pale tones, Hutchings use pale coffee glacé kid for court shoes banded across the vamp with cream kid with an inset lattice pattern. In AA and B fittings, at Hutchings, New Bond St., 8 gns.



A combination of white antelope and pale blue calf with fur trimming, a tiny buckle on each shoe. The covered heel has an indestructible aluminium base. Made in AA and B fittings at Hutchings, New Bond Street. Price: 7 gns.

IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

## In the prettiest look for evenings

Prettiess sums up the current fashion scene in a word. Jean Allen's collection captures the youthful sparkle with dresses like these photographed against sets designed by Tony Walton for the weird and witty world of Sandy Wilson's new musical *Valmouth*. *Right:* The short evening dress in China-blue wild silk has a wide neckline framed by a stand-away collar and a skirt that bells out over its own many petticoats. Price: 20 gns. The necklace of heavy river pearls and crystal costs 9½ gns., the pearl and rhinestone drop earrings 25s. 9d. *Left:* A cocktail or short evening dress of pure silk organza in a blue and white check over black taffeta. The full skirt is mounted on its own petticoats and the waistline emphasized by draped black taffeta, finished in front with a flat bow just below the bust. Note again the wide neckline. Price: 15 gns. The pearl and rhinestone stud earrings cost £3 15s., the pendant in soft-coloured stones on a gold chain 12 gns., the solid gold and turquoise bracelet 38 gns. (the last two from a selection of second-hand jewellery at Peter Jones). Both the dresses and all the jewellery are from Peter Jones, Sloane Sq., S.W.1. Photographs were taken by permission of Michael Codron Ltd., at the Saville Theatre

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
PETER ALEXANDER







## BEAUTY

## New on the Easter parade

by JEAN CLELAND

**E**XPENSIVE PRESENTS are not expected at Easter. Some small thing to be valued more for the thought than the price is what most people like to give and receive. This is where beauty salons and beauty departments in the stores come in. They are full of the sort of small luxuries which all women love to have.

Having made a quick tour, I can tell you about various cosmetics and beauty items that have only just come on to the market. These would make nice surprise presents for those who like something new.



Easter is the right moment for a gay lipstick to go with a new spring hat. There are some lovely ones designed to tone with the latest fashion shades. Goya has *Pink Tangerine* which is an orangy shade with pink tones—lovely worn with some of the latest colours from Paris (yellows, tangerines, and Chartreuse greens). Goya advises a warm honey complexion tone to go with it. A fascinating *Nasturtium* colour comes from Cyclax, and a cream rouge and a powder compact have been brought out to team up with it. Pond's new small-sized lipsticks in the smartly designed silver band black cases would make a nice gift for a young girl. Since they are so inexpensive (only 1s. 9d. each) one could give several different shades to make up a little lipstick wardrobe.

At the moment, great prominence is being given to eye make-up. The latest thing in this line is a propelling eyebrow-pencil introduced by Revlon, as companion to their new *Roll-on* mascara. The pencil has a slim tortoiseshell and gold-toned metal case.

NASTURTIUM: A new shade of lipstick by Cyclax



A walk through perfumery departments provided some attractive ideas. At Marshall & Snelgrove's I saw some Swiss bandeaux for wearing at night to keep the hair in place. There are four different kinds: chiffon (11s. 6d.), net (11s. 6d.), nylon floral (9s. 6d.), and some gay cotton ones which young girls will fall for (6s. 11d.). I liked a new Brief Pack weighing only 8½ ozs. (lovely for travel) in floral or contemporary designs. This little plastic pack is flat with a clear window, and holds two jars for creams, two bottles, a case for powder, a coat hanger, soap dish, tooth paste and toothbrush holders, and a deep pocket for paper tissues and other oddments. The whole thing costs only 22s. 6d.

There are some more expensive toilet bags from France, in lovely colours and completely fitted with a number of jars and bottles. Prices range from 37s. 6d. to £4 19s. 6d. A little Vibrette by Ann Graham, for massaging the face, struck me as a gift many women would welcome (29s. 6d.), and I liked some little make-up purses from Italy. In soft brocade, they are waterproof lined, and made in two sizes. The bigger one is for general items of make-up, and the smaller one, which slips inside it, is for lipstick. The price is 35s. for the pair.

From Marshall's I went to Debenhams & Freebody, where, in the perfumery department I found quite a number of novelties including a colourful basket of realistic fruits made of soap. There were bananas, apples, oranges, and the whole thing cost only 17s. 6d. Jolly Boys would make an amusing gift for teenagers; there is a choice of Guardsman, Beefeater, Policeman, and Scotsman, each containing a bottle of Bubble Bath (8s. 6d.).

I spent a long time looking at some enchanting little Italian Pill Boxes, some in enamel with lovely soft colourings, others inset with little jewels, and some that looked like old silver. The prices ranged from 12s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. I coveted a little fob perfume bottle to pin on to a lapel (17s. 6d.).

In the salons there is a large choice of gifts, such as beauty cases (like the one seen on this page), Rubinstein's special offer of her *Duet*, consisting of Beauty Overnight cream and Skin Dew (15s. 6d.), and Lancôme's little Stimulation Brush for the complexion (12s. 6d.) to be used with their Fraicheur washing cream.

SKIFFLE: A beauty case for the teenager by Morton (£4 19s. 6d.)



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## Counter spy

*sends a communiqué on new plans for the home front*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL PEPPÉ

Above: A figurine in delicate white porcelain with hair of copper-gold by Bjorn Wiimblad, latest recruit to the Rosenthal design team, price: 18 gns. From the recently opened Rosenthal China department of Wilson & Gill, Regent St., where there is a collection of this Bavarian firm's dinner sets and giftware.



In Chelsea at 17 Cale Street, is a shop called Xanadu—a spot to find anything new for decorative or practical use in the home. Latest ideas are the cushions (above) with removable and washable nylon fur covers. A range of pastel and brilliant colours (as well as black and white) comes in four shapes. Large round: 49s. 6d.; small round: 32s. 6d.; oblong: 52s. 6d.; square: 45s.

Left: Peter Piper wooden pepper grinders and salt cellars are well-known. This year they have gone in for an ebonized black finish on light beech. Both packed in a presentation box which includes a packet of peppercorns, price: about 47s. 6d. complete. From Selfridges, W.1, and Jenners, Edinburgh.



Nobody turns their nose up these days at steelware. It can be used on the stove or in the oven, and remains a good-looker for the table. Mannheim, 305 King's Road, S.W.3, have a good selection. An example is this flat casserole dish which comes in two sizes (prices: £3 4s. and £3 15s. 6d.) shown on a single steelware stand with an incorporated spirit burner (price: £3 12s. 6d.); double stand: £5 8s. 6d.

**Floral Art . . .** Miss Olivia Stedall owns a highly successful one-woman flower decorating business and is full of ideas for both formal and informal floral arrangements. Preferring to use her own vases she particularly enjoys doing flowers for a church, or country dances. Flowers used are fresh each day from Covent Garden. Miss Stedall travels everywhere, but needs at least 48 hours notice to prepare for any large function. Prices necessarily depend on the time of the year. Tel: SLOane 4087.

**. . . and Old Masters.** Reproductions of famous masters' pictures are piled high at the Louvre Galleries, 8 Duke Street, St. James's. All of them have been done by the Fiehl process, which makes highly accurate reproductions. The Louvre Galleries are the only people in London who have this collection. Part of the process is the hand over-painting of the canvas by an artist expert in the technique of the particular master. Prices for framed pictures range from about £4 10s. to about 19 gns., for canvasses, from about £2 10s. to about 14 gns.

*Minette Shepard*



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RENAULT in the jungle: One of the winning Dauphines in the tough Ivory Coast rally

## MOTORING

# Africa calls the endurance teams

by GORDON WILKINS

**D**ESERT SAND and blistering sun; high mountain roads where the air is thin; swamps, rivers and steaming tropical jungles . . . Africa has them all. So drivers and car manufacturers, weary of rallies where the results have to be decided on trick time-keeping and driving tests, are turning their attention to African events which can offer really tough conditions without restrictions imposed by heavy traffic, pedestrians or local residents. The East African Safari now attracts works teams from England and the 900-mile French Ivory Coast Rally (600 miles of it over destructive washboard tracks) has just been won by the works team of Renault Dauphines which gave the Monte Carlo Rally a miss in order to compete.

Here at least one might think that endurance of car and crew would suffice to settle the issue without recourse to driving and timekeeping tests or speed trials, but note what happened in the Algiers-Cape Town Rally. It was run at average speeds between 45 and 50 m.p.h. across the Sahara, through Nigeria, French Equatorial Africa, the Belgian Congo, Tanganyika, Rhodesia and South Africa much of it over dreadful primitive tracks. Yet 14 of the 28 starters finished the course (three of them losing no marks after 44 days of motoring that covered well over 8,000 miles) and the results had to be decided by the performances on two special speed sections between Tamanrasset, In-Guezzam and Agadir, where a bonus mark was awarded for every minute carved off the standard time allowance. This gave first place to German Grand Prix driver Karl Kling with radio reporter Rainer Gunzler in a Mercedes 190 Diesel. Second was Belgian champion Olivier Gendebien driving with his wife and racing mechanic in an ID 19 Citroën. His time over the speed sections was only eight minutes longer than

Kling's but the French claim that Kling had his run in clear weather, whereas Gendebien, passing through three days later had to contend with a sandstorm. So luck enters into it too.

Personally I think the performance of the third car was just as impressive. It was a Land Rover driven by two Cambridge graduates, Peter Riviere, 24, and Gyde Horrocks, 23, both former secretaries of the Cambridge University Automobile Club. Their car had already covered 25,000 miles in the jungles of South America, during one of those vacation expeditions which have taken Cambridge undergraduates to some of the most inaccessible parts of the world in recent years, but they finished with no penalty marks and a good bundle of bonus points from the speed section although no one would claim that the Land Rover was built for speed events. Horrocks had already made a name for himself organizing successful speed record attempts by Cambridge students on an Austin A.35 and an Austin-Healey 100-Six at Montlhéry while still an undergraduate.

Here is another sign of the times. Last year I told the story of four young South Africans who blazed a trail over the rough

and icy Black Mountain Pass between Natal and Basutoland by car, scrambling up dizzy gradients over masses of loose rocks in a Hillman Minx. I have since heard that the authorities have now closed the road to motor traffic. No doubt there is a sign at the bottom reading "Unsuitable for Motors." It looks as if the days of motoring for adventure are numbered, even in Africa.

Coming back from the open skies of Africa to our own minutely regulated world, I have just been given an insight into the penalties of success by Mr. K. L. Kelly, Secretary-General of the A.A. There is a popular idea that the directors of the largest and richest motoring organization in the world have no worries beyond finding ways of spending the money which comes rolling in. On the contrary, Mr. Kelly finds that a membership of over two million brings one up hard against the fact of human mortality. Young members emigrate; old ones grow older, give up motoring and eventually die. Wages and the cost of services rise steadily. So merely to hold its present position the A.A. has to enrol between 800 and 1,000 new members every day of every week of the year. The alternative would be to curtail the services or raise the subscription.

Now that customs documents are no longer required for the most popular foreign touring grounds many people have suggested that it is time to reduce the £3 fee for foreign touring service. Mr. Kelly's answer is "Not the slightest chance. The foreign touring service is still being subsidized out of general income." It is tempting to argue that services which are run at a loss should be discontinued or trimmed until they are self-supporting, but this conflicts with the whole conception of A.A. service. It seems there has been no diminution in the demand for foreign touring service since the carnet became an historical document; so members must feel it is worth the money to place themselves under the protective yellow and black umbrella whenever they venture from the safe haven of this island. At home the radio patrols have celebrated their tenth anniversary and the possibilities of electronics are now being investigated to provide round-the-clock service for the pampered drivers of the future.

Skoda, the only manufacturers to export cars to England from behind the Iron Curtain, have recently introduced some improved models. They are similar in outward appearance to those already on sale, with the exception of the small saloon which has a new radiator grille, but front suspension is by coil springs instead of a transverse leaf spring. The Felicia convertible illustrated has a twin carburettor engine of 1,089 c.c., said to develop 54 b.h.p.



SKODA in the show: The new Felicia convertible shown at Geneva





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## DINING IN

## Talking turkey for the holiday

by HELEN BURKE

FOR THE FIRST TIME (I am told) British turkeys of all sizes have been specially reared for Easter and Whitsun. It seems that those we were able to buy at this time in earlier years were the birds left over from the Christmas trade. This innovation has been achieved by deceiving the birds with artificial light in summer and late autumn into believing that spring had arrived!

Turkey for Easter or Whitsun, or both, is a good idea. It is today's supreme carve-and-carve-again bird, less expensive than the best cuts of meat, with the possibility of turning tit-bits of the cooked bird into delicious main dishes. Even the last pickings can be made into a light luncheon dish. Heat them through in a creamy sauce with enough thinly sliced tiny unopened mushrooms, barely cooked in a little butter and lemon juice to keep them white. Serve with plainly boiled rice or a pilaff of rice or as a filling for vol au vents.

... and we still have the carcase

for the making of a turkey soup.

I like rice stuffing with turkey and here is one I made some time ago for a 10- to 12-lb. bird:

Plainly boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Patna rice in plenty of water until barely cooked. Rinse in cold water and spread out on a cloth to dry. Melt three oz. butter in a large enough frying-pan and, in it, gently cook a chopped small onion without colouring it. Add the chopped turkey liver, six oz. chopped mushroom stalks, four oz. chopped boiled ham and the cooked rice. Stir these around and season them well. Lastly, work in four oz. diced rich liver sausage and a good pinch of grated nutmeg, then add a further ounce of butter and let it melt through the stuffing.

When this mixture is cold, fill the body of the turkey with it. Any left over can be cooked separately.

For the breast end, use a well seasoned rich stuffing of finely minced fairly lean pork and a couple of ounces of breadcrumbs.

Brush the bird thickly all over

with softened (not melted) butter. Wrap it in a double thickness of wet greaseproof paper, place it on its side and roast it slowly at 325 deg. F. or gas mark 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Allow 20 minutes for heating the oven before putting the bird in.

For a 10- to 12-lb. bird, excellent timing is 20 minutes per pound and 30 minutes over. Half-way through the cooking, turn the bird over.

Remove the turkey to a heated platter and leave it for at least 10 minutes before taking off the trussing twine. Then return it to the oven (heat off) until serving.

The gravy is made by adding giblet stock to the baking tin, after pouring off excess fat. These giblets, except for the liver which is used in the body stuffing, should be washed immediately they arrive in the house and simmered in plenty of water and a good claret glass of dry white wine with a *bouquet garni* and seasoning to taste.

That turkey should take care of a couple of important meals.

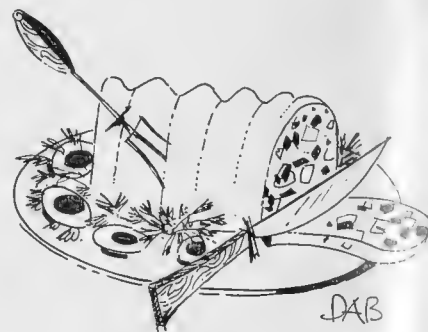
Recently I tasted a delicious frozen raspberry cream and, having discovered its composition, decided that it was so simple to make that one could attempt it in the refrigerator.

Rub the juice and pulp of a packet of sweetened frozen raspberries through a hair sieve. Beat  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint double cream until half whipped, then gradually whip the raspberry purée into it. When half the purée has been added, beat in a tablespoon of framboise liqueur, if

you have it, and continue whipping in the raspberry purée until the cream will not accept any more. Turn the mixture into an ice-freezing tray and place it in the cold chamber, with the dial at a point where ice-cream can be quickly made. If there are any crystals in the frozen sweet, it will be because just a little too much raspberry purée has been beaten into the cream.

I have a "regular" frozen blackcurrant cream which, when made, can wait like the raspberry one until it is required. Both are better when made in advance—ideal sweets for a long weekend.

Buy a small can of blackcurrant purée. Add four tablespoons sifted icing sugar to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint double cream and whip them until the whisk leaves a trail (that is, half whipped). Gradually whisk in as much of the blackcurrant purée as the cream will take. Sometimes it will take it all, sometimes not quite. Freeze.

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## DINING OUT

## In praise of the pig

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

I WAS SURPRISED when I received an invitation to the Waldorf Hotel to enjoy a British Breakfast at 9 a.m.

I set my alarm clock and got there on time. It appeared when I arrived that a good many other people had made the same effort. The object of this early morning exercise was to promote the "pig and its progress." Members of the Pig Industry Development Authority were there in force, including their chairman, Lt.-Gen. Sir Archibald Nye, and other interested parties such as the Rt. Hon. Viscount Trenchard, Mr. James Sainsbury, Sir Cedric Drewe, and an old friend Mr. T. K. Parr, who had come all the way from Nottingham.

Anyway, the drive up had given me an unusual appetite and I enjoyed an English breakfast of some magnitude, starting off with an apple, followed by bacon, sausage, kidney, liver, black pudding and cold York ham. Fine fare indeed. The black pudding (which some people would not even try) was a delight, not made in little hard and rather solid rings, but

shaped like a plum pudding, with the consistency of a flaky cake.

So here's to the pig. May it ever grow more important.

It was only a short time after this that I found myself carving a large joint of prime pork in the middle of a restaurant in the West End—almost the last thing I ever expected to do. This was when I went to lunch at The Carvery, a new restaurant opened in the Regent Palace Hotel, where you do your own carving. As they said: "Only the personal courage of the male customers can make this venture succeed." If any of the males of today are so lacking in courage and so timid that they are too shy to march up and carve for themselves some of the fine joints available at The Carvery, they had better stick to sandwiches in a snack bar.

The value for money is astonishing. You pay 12s. 6d.—no less and no more. I had everything available just to see what I could get for this reasonable charge, and this was my selection, the quality of each course being first class.

I started off with a large slice of melon (served by a waitress); then marched up to the carving stand where I had the choice of carving underdone roast beef, well-done roast beef, leg of pork or lamb. The crackling on the pork looked so crackly that it was the pork I went for and I was not disappointed. At the same time I helped myself to three or four vegetables, together with stuffing, gravy and apple sauce.

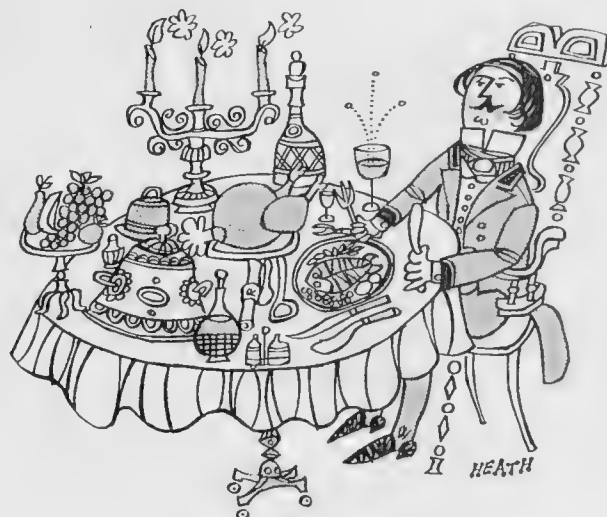
The next course (again served by your waitress) was a slice of Meringue Gâteau, over which she poured a lot of thick cream out of an earthenware jug. This was followed by Gorgonzola Cheese (three others available), biscuits or

bread, unlimited butter, and a large cup of coffee—I was astounded and, incidentally, filled to the brim.

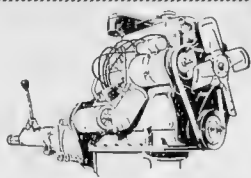
The wine list is short, simple, but adequate for the circumstances, and reasonable in price. I had a half bottle of Pouilly Fuisse 1955 for 9s. 3d. Large carafes of red and white wines are available (at the right temperature) for 9s., small at 4s.

If the "courage of the male" lets this effort down, I shall lose all faith in the future of our island race.

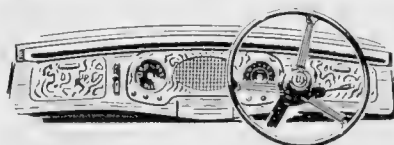
THE KENSINGTON RESTAURANT is at 20 Kensington Church Street, not High Street as given in our issue of 25 February.



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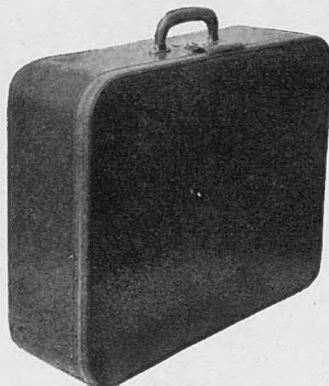
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